

Present At the Birth?

A caddy at the New Haven Country Club,  
I hauled a leather bag though record heat.

At the end the player checked a voucher  
for a buck twenty five, no tip.

“Jesus Christ, Rick!” said another,  
“It’s a hundred fuckin degrees!  
Give the kid an extra quarter.”

I don’t want to sound pretentious,  
but this could have been the birth  
of Compassionate Conservatism.

'less you count Old Black Joe he gets  
t'beat de feet on de Mississippi mud.